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ST. SEBASTIAN.

FALL OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

With the dreadful but glorious operations which terminated in the fall of Bajados, almost every one is familiar. Though the scenes connected with the capture of St. Sebastian are hardly less striking, they are not so well remembered. The strength of the place, and perseverance of the assailants, and the unflinching courage of the defenders, in the latter case, claim like admiration, and no chapter of the mighty volume of modern strife, can give the reader a more awful idea of the miseries of war.

"Few places present a more formidable appearance than this: the only land approach is over a low sandy isthmus, occupied by one front of fortification; and this narrow road is commanded by the castle: but on the left flank there are considerable sand hills, about 600 or 700 yards distant, which enfilade and take in reverse the front defences: those which cross the isthmus are a double line, with the usual counterscarp, covered way, and glacis; but those which run lengthways consist only of a single line, the water in front being thought to render them inaccessible. The northern line is quite exposed to the sand hills; and the Urumea, which washes the town on that side, is fordable at low water; the tide receding so much, that a large space is left dry, over which troops can march to the very foot of the wall: yet that wall had been left uncovered ever since marshal Berwick had effected a breach there in 1719, by which he took the city. Into this place Jourdan had thrown about 4000 men after the battle of Vittoria; and every exertion which art and courage could make was made by this intrepid garrison. The first operation of the besiegers was the attack of a strong advanced post, in the convent of St. Bartolomé; but after 2500 shot and 450 shells had been fired, it was found necessary to dislodge the enemy with the bayonet; and the victorious party, pursuing the flying garrison to the foot of the glacis, suffered severely on its return. A fire from the town was kept up against this post for twenty-four hours; and the dead which strewed the intermediate ground lay there, unburied, during the siege; so jealous was each party of an approach to their works: during the night, two batteries were erected to take the defences of the city in reverse; a difficult work in loose sand, where the fire of the enemy was so sharp and precise, that four sentinels were killed successively through one loop-hole. The only eminence from whence artillery could be brought to bear directly on the town, though still about 100 feet below it, was above the convent, and almost adjoining its walls: here a battery was erected; the covered way to it passed through the convent, and the battery itself was con-

structed in the burial-ground: a more ghastly circumstance can seldom have occurred in war; for coffins and corpses in all stages of decay were exposed, when the soil was thrown up against the fire from the town, and used, indeed, in the defences: when a shell burst there, it brought down the living and the dead together. As one of our officers was giving his orders, a shot struck the edge of the trenches above him, and two coffins slipped down on him with the sand: the coffins broke in their fall; the bodies rolled with him to some distance; and when he recovered, he saw that they had been women of some rank; for they were richly attired in black velvet, and their long hair hung about their shoulders and livid faces. The soldiers, in the scarcity of firewood, being nothing nice, broke up coffins for fuel to dress their food, leaving the bodies exposed; and, till the hot sun had dried up these poor insulted remains of humanity, the stench was as dreadful as the sight. On the 20th of July the batteries were opened; a redoubt was abandoned by the enemy; and next day a summons was sent, but not received: meantime, in cutting a parallel across the isthmus, the men came to a subterranean channel, four feet high and three feet wide, in which was a pipe to carry water to the city. Lieutenant Reid, of the Engineers, having ventured to explore it, found it closed, at the end of 230 yards, by a door in the counterscarp; and there a mine was securely laid. The service of the breaching battery was dreadfully severe, but greatly assisted by the heroic efforts of the British seamen: by noon, on the 22nd, a breach 600 feet long appeared practicable, but delay unfortunately took place; and it was thought advisable to form a second and a third, which were effected before the night of the 23rd: at the same time, many parts of the town were discovered in flames; and the frequent crash of houses was mixed with the roar of artillery. Still great delay and confusion occurred: orders were given and countermanded; arrangements were not made known to a sufficient number of officers; and the attack was ordered at a wrong time: the French, also, being prepared for the event, brought every gun looking in the direction of the attack to bear on it; and 'from all around the breach, the assailants were flanked and enfiladed with a destructive fire of grape and musketry: blazing planks and beams were thrown transversely across the walls and the breach; while stones, shot, shells, and hand-grenades were showered on the allies with dreadful effect.' At this time, the mine in the aqueduct being sprung, brought down such a length of the counterscarp and glacis, that the enemy abandoned the

works in affright: but when a brave corps of Portuguese rushed on to take advantage of this occurrence, no scaling ladders were to be found; and nearly the whole party were miserably slain, before the order for recalling them arrived. Meanwhile, lieutenant Jones, of the Engineers, with a small party of the 1st Royals, gained the top of the great breach; and troops were rushing after them, when the enemy sprung a mine at one place, and drew the supports from a false bridge at another; blowing up some of the assailants, and precipitating others on spikes that were fixed below: the rest at the foot of the breach were now panic-struck, and ran back; the destination of another column, coming up in the rear to support them, was altered; and the sun, when he arose, disclosed a loss of forty-five officers, and above 800 men, sacrificed to the inexperience of the brave Graham in conducting sieges. About noon, on the same day, Lord Wellington made his appearance, with a determination to complete the second breach, and renew the attack; but the ammunition was running low; and Soult's movements in the Pyrenees being that very night reported to him, his attention was recalled to that quarter; accordingly, he withdrew the guns from the batteries, and converted the siege into a blockade: so improperly, however, was this operation conducted, that the vigilant enemy made a sortie; and, capturing near 300 of the allies in the trenches, carried them prisoners into the town: but Soult's defeat was now known, and Graham only awaited the arrival of fresh artillery and stores from England, to renew the siege. These, with considerable reinforcements for the army, were landed at Passages on the 18th; 'for now,' as Mr. Southey observes, 'the British government had caught the spirit of its victorious general, and was no longer limited by parsimonious impolicy.' The garrison, however, had spent their time well within the place; and every thing, which art and ingenuity could devise for its defence, was effected. The siege recommenced on the 24th of August, and a detachment of British sailors was employed in erecting mortar batteries against the castle: they had a double allowance of grog, employing a fiddler at their own cost to cheer the hours of labour; and at every shell which fell within the fortress, three huzzas were given, with a grand flourish of the violin. The breaching batteries opened on the 26th; next night, a sortie was attempted, but without success; and, on that of the 29th, our men made a false attack, with the hope of inducing the enemy to spring their mines; but they were too wary. Preparations now commenced for an assault, and men were invited to volunteer;

'such,' it was said, 'as knew how to show other troops the way to mount a breach.' When this was communicated to the fourth division, which was to furnish 400 men, the whole division moved forward: the conduct of the attack was confided to Sir James Leith, who had just arrived from England; and as the breaches appeared practicable, the assault was ordered for eleven o'clock on the 31st, the time of low water; when Sir James, accompanied by Sir Richard Fletcher, chief engineer, took his station on the open beach, about thirty yards before the *débouches* from the trenches, in order to set an example to his men, and to direct their movements. The garrison were, as before, on the alert; and the forlorn hope, consisting of an officer and thirty men, fell to a man: the front of the columns which followed were cut off as by one shot; and the breach, when the assailants reached it, was covered with their dead bodies: as they ascended, such a concentrated fire was kept up, as the most experienced officer had never witnessed; and the living, dead, and dying rolled down the ruins as fast as they mounted towards the summit: in fact, nothing could be more fallacious than the external appearance of the breach, which was quite impracticable; and no man could outlive the attempt to pass it. Sir James Leith was in the act of sending directions for removing the dead and dying from the *débouches*, which were so choked up as to prevent the passage of the troops, when a plunging shot struck the gallant officer in its rebound, and laid him senseless; but he recovered his breath and recollection; and, refusing to quit the place, continued to give his orders. Sir Thomas Graham, in the mean time, accepted the offer of General Bradford's Portuguese brigade to ford the river, and assist in the assault; when a battalion under Major Snodgrass, and a detachment under colonel M'Beau, crossed under a deadly fire, and took part in what the commander began to consider a desperate affair; and desperate it must have been, had not colonel Dickson, whose resources were inexhaustible, proposed to turn his artillery against the breach, and fire over the heads of its assailants: the proposal was instantly accepted, and executed with the utmost precision. Our own troops were astonished at hearing the roar of cannon from behind them; but they saw with still greater surprise the enemy swept from the curtain, and the breach becoming more and more practicable: the first discharge brought down a few in our own ranks; but the second made the intent intelligible, and a grand effort was then ordered to gain the high ridge at all hazards. At this time a shell burst near to Sir James Leith, and broke his left arm in two

places; yet he continued to issue his orders till he fainted from loss of blood; when major-general Hay succeeded to the command: very soon afterwards a musket-bail struck the gallant Fletcher in the spine of his neck, and avenged the disgraces of the French army on the executor of the lines of Torres Vedras. Nothing now could withstand the fury of the assailants; the breach was passed under the most appalling circumstances; and, though the contest was still maintained from barricades in the streets, and houses turned into fortresses, the enemy were driven into the castle, their last place of refuge; from which, however, they continued incessantly to fire, and roll shells down into the town. The closing scene must be given in the peninsular historian's own words:—"About three in the afternoon, the day, which had been sultry, became unusually cold; the sky was overcast; and between the blackness of the sky, the rain, and the smoke, it was as a dusky evening, but when darkness would, in its natural course, have closed, the town was in flames. A dreadful night of thunder, rain, and wind succeeded; and it was made far more dreadful by man than by the elements; it is no easy task for officers, after the heat of an assault, to restrain successful troops, who are under no moral restraint; and on this day so many officers had perished, that the men fancied themselves exempt from all control. They sacked the place, and gave way to such excesses, that if the French could have suspected the state of drunkenness, to which men, so excellently brave in action, had reduced themselves, they might, very probably, have retaken part of the town, if not the whole. The loss of the assailants amounted to nearly 1,600 British, and 800 Portuguese killed and wounded; while 750 of the garrison were made prisoners."

SLANDER.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

No vice is more common, more insinuating, or pernicious than that of slander. We are all too often unconsciously guilty either in deed or word, for slander may form a part of our conduct as well as be applied to the venom of the tongue. A slanderer is a pest to society—a common nuisance, equally deserving of a prison with the pilferer, for, as Shakespeare says, he who robs you of your money steals but trash, compared with the man who wantonly and successfully defames. It is a sin against which no mere human laws can erect a sufficiently-formidable barrier, accurately

detect and properly punish, or afford the due safety or indemnification to innocence when either threatened with or injured by its assaults. It can only be properly apprehended and punished by enlightened public opinion, which is often the only magistracy and law by which vice and virtue may be tried; but, alas! here public opinion, which can alone vindicate the good and reward the evil, is poisoned by the latter, like some stream which can only send forth deadly waters. A slanderer may either be an open enemy, or a comparative and apparently-indifferent stranger, or a pretended friend. The worst, the most dangerous of these, then, is the latter. Under the disguise of candour, honesty, and good will, like a pirate under false colours, he attacks you in open sea, and gives you no quarter. We may well say with the poet—

"Give me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe,
Whom I may meet—perhaps return the blow;
But, of all plagues which heaven in wrath can send,
Save me, oh, save me! from your candid friend."

Were there a large and gloomy prison-house erected, on purpose, for this foul-mouthed tribe, it would be the greatest justice to them, as well as the greatest mercy to society. Or if there were some desert, gloomy island, to which they might be banished, where slander might be encountered by slander, and fiend for ever conflict with fiend, it would have our cordial approbation. If a malignant, we would have him run down, as a beast of prey; if a thoughtless one, destroyed like some noxious insect; or should such abound in certain districts, we would have such dreadful, pestilential, vicious regions put under quarantine, until the whole species were exterminated.

The proneness of human nature to this satanic sin, is seen in the fact, that it is the subject of a special prohibition in the Decalogue. Although directly forbidden by the second commandment, so that its direct enunciation appears superfluous, yet it is made the subject of an express command in the Decalogue, and throughout the whole of Scripture it is continually held up, either by example or precept, to our detestation.

Mr. Addison, speaking of party spirit, observes what is equally applicable to one of its common effects, which was, probably, of all others, most prominent before his eye when he wrote, that "there cannot a greater judgment befall a country, than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to each other than if they were actually two different nations." Saurin describes slander as a vice "impure

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in its source, dangerous in its effects, and irreparable in its consequences; a vice that strikes two mortal blows—it wounds him who commits, and him against whom it is committed." And another great French orator tells us, that "the slanderer's tongue is a devouring fire, which tarnishes whatever it touches; which exercises its fury on the good grain as on the chaff, on the sacred as on the profane, and which, wherever it passes, leaves only desolation and ruin." If we search sacred or profane history, we shall find these assertions most completely and sadly verified. The greatest, wisest, and best, with some exceptions, have ever been the most freely and severely censured. Even the holy and just One, who did no evil, was its greatest victim, having been, after being arraigned before its tribunal, crucified between two of the worst characters of his day, and declared to be vile and more deserving of death than his companions. Human opinion is so fallible, that it constantly acquits the worst and condemns the best, censures where it should praise, and praises where it should censure, as Juvenal says—

"Censure acquits the crow, condemns the dove."

If it be thus with the mere outward demeanour of social or public conduct, which is only a part of the man, what must it be with the inward man, or the heart, which, more perfectly constitutes the real character?

What can be more absurd or vile than to profess to know the heart as the watch-maker does the internal structure and movements of the watch; thus arrogating to oneself the prerogatives of Deity. "Judge not," says he who will be our judge, "according to appearance, but judge righteous judgments." It is easy for a slanderous tongue or a malignant heart to make out the clearest and strongest symptoms and indications of evil dispositions and purposes, where, if the heart were known, all would be found to contradict its dark suspicions and daring equivocations. Let a man give liberally to any society, and it is ostentation; let him be devout, and it is vile hypocrisy; let him assert his rights, and it is pride; let him adhere to principle, and it is obstinacy and bigotry; let him admire beauty and loveliness, and, if associated with any fortune, it is covetousness; or should it be the contrary—should he court the smile of virtuous poverty, it is imprudence—a mere fit and spark of juvenile passion and folly; if, as a tradesman, he is industrious, acting on John Wesley's version, to "get all he can, that he might give all he can," he is worldly and grasping; so that, in either case, he is held up to the scandal of stupidity and malignity. If he seeks influence for purposes of usefulness, he seeks

his neighbour's praise before his love. Let a man be what he will, he stands on a tower, or in a broad open plain, exposed to the thick showers of slander's shafts. Let him consult impunity, and every single course of conduct is a dilemma; and take which side he will, it is the same. But let not the virtuous heart be daunted—let it not be deterred from its purpose by coarse invective, any more than it is conceited by that praise which would swell the breast of a weak-minded slanderer, now vainly pining for its plaudits; nor let envy or slander smile in triumph, for they can but injure themselves. But we need not thus caution or exhort, for, in the words of Horace—

"False praise can please, and calumny affright,
None but the vicious and the hypocrite."

If the man attacked, being a dullard or a man who cannot face a regiment of soldiers, is not too sharp for the scribbling slanderer, he will be too sharp for himself.

There are two kinds of slander, direct and indirect; or two classes of slanderers, the malignant and the thoughtless. Dr. Barrow defines slander as the "uttering false speeches against our neighbour, to the prejudice of his fame, safety, or welfare, and that out of malignity, vanity, rashness, ill-nature, or bad design." Of these two the least censurable is that of the rash (as Dr. Barrow styles him) slanderer. The direct or malignant is one who is generally on the watch for ill rumours; he diligently collects all particulars calculated to defame, or if he cannot find any materials, he invents them, whilst the true and false are artfully mixed together, and praise so combined with censure, that when he cannot find the open, attentive, and willing ear, he dexterously unstops it, effecting by fraud what he cannot accomplish by force. He may be compared to a merchant, who imports largely from all parts of the world, and furnishes his commodities for wider distribution to the retailer. No virtue, no rank, nor talent, neither politics nor religion, lie sheltered from his depredations. "Slander," says Lord Bacon, "is one of the taxes which excellent persons pay to the public; the best persons are most injured by it, as the birds generally peck at the best fruit." Swift, in imitation of Bacon, says, that "censure is a tax which men pay for being eminent." Few men were more persecuted in this respect than Tillotson, the archbishop of Canterbury, the most amiable, learned, and pious of men. After his death, a large shelf in his library was discovered full of libels, with the following label attached:—"These are libels, I forgive them, as I pray God may also do." As a large building reflects a great sha-

dow, so is great merit followed by more than ordinary envy and defamation.

The thoughtless slanderer is one who rather circulates than raises an evil report, who loves slander for itself, without having any particular object, like the malignant, who only employs it as a weapon to gain his day, and realise his wishes. He moves in a narrower circle, being confined to his acquaintances, like some species of caterpillars, which are only to be seen on one particular kind of leaf; whereas the labours of the other have a wider sphere, even strangers become the objects of their spite, like a certain species of vermin that can never rest satisfied with one tree, or destructive birds that cannot rest content with one garden or farm, they will fly to others, to every part of the cultivated globe, to mutilate the acts or efforts of goodness, the labours of talent, the eccentricities of genius, or the fruits and rewards of piety. These characters, the most odious as they are the most culpable of all slanderers, often worm themselves into the secrets of unsuspecting, guileless innocence, to betray them to the public, taking advantage of all they can apprehend, by aid of a malignant scrutiny, to fabricate and colour a plausible story with all the addenda which ingenuity, goaded on by malice, can furnish. Hence Sir Richard Steele advises his reason to set a mark upon confidants, *Spectator*, No. 125. The one travels out of his way to do mischief, the other does all the evil he can in his ordinary, everyday path; the former is like a man who fires at another with intent to murder, the latter one who hurls stones from a precipice regardless on whom they fall.

It is very amusing to see what correct portraits the slanderer often takes of himself; for, decrying the pure, the great, and noble, he draws himself to the very life. It is said, and justly, that love generally proceeds from opposite facilities of character as of persons, and this is necessary for due intermarriages. St. Pierre relates a curious anecdote in proof of this: "Being informed that a young lady, present in a party, was attached to a gentleman, he sketched out the opposite features, which, on handing to the fair's sweetheart, proved almost a fac-simile of her lover." Love and slander have generally corresponded; the slandered being just the opposite character of the slanderer—the latter being exactly what he declares the former to be, and the former what the latter believes himself to be.

Every man possessed of the least discrimination will learn the wisdom and necessity of suspending his judgment on character and conduct, for often new light is thrown upon them as we become familiar with them, so that we are compelled to re-

tract and alter our opinions. Hear but one side of a case, and then, if depending on its garbled statements, its additions, and concealments, we shall deem the party accused nearly the most arrant wretch that ever trod the earth; but let us hear the other side, let us become well acquainted with the accused, with his ordinary general conversation and conduct, and we shall feel a revolution of sentiment, of esteem and regard towards the unwary condemned, and of indignation against the reviler. And, even where there may be guilt or folly, it is often so extenuated by circumstances, that did we know all, or even half, we should then most tenderly pity where now we most furiously condemn.

Slander is generally directed either against a man's moral or intellectual character. In the latter case, the real excellencies of the mind are put aside in consideration of some one or more defects. There are few minds so great and distinguished as to shine with a rich versatility of parts. The world of minds resembles that of nature. There is no climate, however rich and variously productive, but wants the products of another; every nation being dependent on commerce, as every town is on trade. The Pagans accordingly represented their deities under the same aspect. Hercules had strength without art; Venus beauty without wisdom; and Minerva wisdom without beauty; but they did not, on this account, take exceptions against one another, each applauding himself for that in which he or she excelled, and upbraiding another for that in which he failed. Venus is not less beautiful because she was not wise; nor Minerva less wise because she was not beautiful. But let a man excel in fancy, or any particular department of science and literature, or even in all, there are sure to be exceptions. Let him be the most erudite of his age, having all the classics at his fingers' ends, and his writings are nothing but quotations; or, on the contrary, let him apparently arrogate to himself a first-rate station, a model from whom others might quote, a writer so superior to others as to want no authority but his own, and they will equally condemn him as a man but half read and illiterate. No truly wise or good man will ever think the less, or feel the least shrink of cordial regard towards any for speaking in disparaging terms of his intellectual qualifications. He knows that nature, though good to all, is more bountiful to some; that perhaps peculiar bodily disorders, or moral sensitive temperament, or social afflictions, and disappointments, and events over which he had no control, may have damaged the original intellectual powers, or retarded or restricted their full and successful opera-

tion, and that a day is fast coming when all intellects will be levelled in consideration of moral worth. He would rather have one look of love than ten thousand folios of fame, and only desires knowledge, talent, and influence, that his usefulness might explore a wider range, and his yearnings of benevolence and piety more exalted and rapturous gratification. But we have not time, any more than we have inclination, to wade through all the schemes of slander seen in every-day life. One most frequent, as well as most absurd, is, that when all are censured for one, and perhaps considering what has lately come before the public, this might not be deemed wandering in an improper direction. Because a man may be deficient in some intellectual or moral qualifications, it does not follow that he is in all, nor are particular acts to be regarded as a general rule—they may be but exceptions. To illustrate this by an anecdote, Dr. Joseph Brookmand, bishop of Zealand, was once present at a wedding, which was attended by a large promiscuous company of all ranks. At table the conversation turned upon the conduct of a certain disorderly clergyman: some of the company reprobated, and others pitied him. But a lady of rank, no doubt one of those who take the lead where busy scandal feasts her votaries, gave a new turn to the subject, and, with a scornful mien, added—“What a pretty set of creatures our clergy are!” It grieved Brookmand to hear the whole clergy thus villified, yet he did not think proper to offer a serious reply. But, shortly after, he related an anecdote of a noble lady, notorious for her ill conduct, concluding with these words—“It does not follow, however, that all our noble ladies should resemble her.”

If any one of our readers have reason to believe himself disposed to this sin, let him search into the causes, which are generally, ignorance, pride, envy, idleness, and malignity; and let him remember that if this be one of the last sins we are disposed to forgive, overlooking easily other infirmities, but remembering this sin, the devil himself being styled, by way of distinction, “The Slanderer;” if it call forth the unabated, unmingled, fiery, devouring indignation of man, in what estimation must it be held by him in whose estimation humility and charity are declared to be the greatest of sins.

MARRIAGE OF KING WILLIAM III AND QUEEN MARY.

The personal character of king William, much as he has been praised as the restorer of English liberty, and the great

prop of the protestant religion, has not escaped bitter criticism. He has been painted in very unamiable colours; as cold and sordid as a man, whatever claims he might have to our respect as a monarch. A contemporary account of him, which is but little known, has been placed in our hands, which does not bear out this view of his character, but on the contrary, shows him to have acted a most high-minded, resolute, and noble part at one interesting period of his life, on the occasion of his marriage. However tempting the prospect of gaining the heiress presumptive to the English throne, William would not for the ambition of the prince, surrender the better feelings of his nature. Till he had seen the princess Mary, the eldest daughter of the duke of York, he would not treat of the marriage. Though such delicacy, in connection with a royal union, was treated with derision then, as perhaps it would be now, he did not give up the point. Firm and frank, the resolution which he had once announced, he could not be induced to withdraw.

With equal integrity and resolution he maintained another position, which he had thought it was due to his honour to lay down. Negotiations for a peace were then pending, with which he was charged. William refused to proceed in that matter at all, till the marriage had been first disposed of. His apprehension, he stated to be, that as his allies were likely to obtain but indifferent terms, if subsequently to his agreeing to such a treaty, he should become the husband of an English princess, it might be said that he had sold his honour to obtain a wife. Whether the course which he took satisfied them, or gained him the reputation of having insisted on payment before hand, may be questioned.

The siege of Charleroi had been raised by William, in 1677, and he then withdrew into Flanders. It was soon remarked that frequent expresses passed between him and Charles II. To what they related was for some time a mystery. The explanation and the sequel of his story are thus supplied in the “Life of King William,” published in 1703:—

“It is no difficult matter to guess by the consequence that Monsieur Beninck’s going over into England, as before mentioned, was to endeavour to make way for his master to pass thither, which the prince did about the end of September this year, and thereby wholly changed the scene of the treaty of Nimeguen, and for that time carried it over to London, and left all other places at a gaze only, and in expectation of what should be there agitated and concluded.

“We have before taken notice of his

highness's intentions to marry, and that in England before any other country; and it being certain that by this time he had had all the satisfaction imaginable in respect to the person and disposition of the princess Mary, we find him now, like a hasty lover, ride post from Harwich to Newmarket, where king Charles II and his court then was. My lord Arlington attended his highness at his alighting, making his pretence of the chief confidence with him, and the court expected it upon his alliance and journey to Holland. The lord-treasurer Danby, and Sir William Temple went together to wait upon him, but met him upon the middle of the stairs, in a great crowd, coming down to the king; he whispered to them both together, and said to the latter, that he must desire him to answer for him and the lord-treasurer, one to another, so as that they might from that time enter into business and conversation, as if they had been of a longer acquaintance; which was a wise strain, considering his lordship's credit in court at that time, and was of great use to the prince in the course of his affairs then in England. And though it shocked Arlington and his friends, yet it could not be wondered at by what had passed of late between the prince and him, with whom he only lived in common forms, during his stay there. The king and the duke received the prince very kindly, and both of them invited him often into discourses of business, which they wondered to see him avoid and industriously divert, so as that the king commanded Temple to find the reason of it; upon which the prince frankly told him he was resolved to see the young princess before he entered into that affair, and to proceed in that before the other of the peace. The king laughed at this piece of nicety when he was informed of it; but, however, to humour him in it, said, he would go some days sooner than he intended from Newmarket; which he did accordingly for London, where the young princess then was.

The prince, upon his arrival in town, and sight of the princess, was so pleased with her person, and all those signs of such an humour, as, upon further inquiries had been described to him, that he immediately made his application to the king and duke for her, by whom he was very well received, and they allowed of it, but with this condition, that the terms of the peace abroad might be first agreed on between them. The prince excused himself herein, and said, he must end his first business before he began the other. The king and the duke were both positive in their opinion, and the prince resolute in his, saying at last, that his allies, who were like to have hard terms of the peace, as things then

stood, would be apt to believe that he had made this match at their cost, and that for his part, he never could sell his honour for a wife. This would not do yet, for the king continued so positive for three or four days, that the lord-treasurer and those in the secret began to doubt the whole business would break off upon this punctilio. About that time Sir William Temple happening to go to his highness after supper, found him in the worst humour he had ever seen him, and told him he repented he had ever come into England, and resolved he would stay but two days longer, and then would be gone, if the king persisted in his resolution about the peace before he was married; but that before he went, the king must choose how they should live together from thenceforward; he was sure it must be either as the greatest friends or as the greatest enemies; and at the same time desired him to let his majesty know so much next morning, and give him an account of what he should say upon it. In pursuance of this, Sir William Temple, early in the morning, acquainted the king with all that the prince had said the night before, and the ill consequences of a breach between them, considering the ill humour of many of his subjects upon our late measures with France, and the invitations made the prince by several of them during the late war. The king gave great attention to what was said, and answered, 'Well, I never was yet deceived in judging of a man's honesty by his looks (of which he gave some examples), and if I am not mistaken in the prince's face, he is the honestest man in the world, and I will trust him, and he shall have his wife; and you shall go immediately and tell my brother so, and that it's a thing I'm resolved on.'

"Sir William having accordingly acquainted the duke with it, he seemed at first a little surprised; but when the other had done, he said, 'The king shall be obeyed, and I should be glad all his subjects learnt of me to obey him. I do tell him my opinion freely upon anything; but when that is done, and I know his pleasure upon it, I obey him. From the duke he went to the prince, and told him his story, which at first he would hardly believe, but then embraced him and said "He had made him a very happy man, and that very unexpectedly; and so he left him, to go and give the king an account of what had passed; and in the prince's antichamber, met the lord-treasurer, and having told him all the matter, he undertook to adjust all the rest between the king and the prince, which he did so well that the match was declared that evening at the Committee before any other at court knew anything of it. Next day it was declared in council, and received there and every

where else in the kingdom, with the most universal joy that ever was seen in that king's reign.

"The match being thus agreed on, the prince forthwith gave notice of it by a particular express to the States-General, importing—That in consideration they had testified their earnest wishes to see him married, after he had often well weighed the reasons that induced him to it, in conformity to their desires and the good of their state, he thought he could do no better than to make his addresses to the princess Mary, eldest daughter to the duke of York, that he had sought her in marriage, both of his majesty of Great Britain, and of his royal highness, her father, who had condescended to his proposal, and therefore he thought it advisable to inform them of it, expecting their approbation of the match with all speed, that he might the sooner return to them for the service of his country. The States-General having assembled hereupon, and seriously weighing the reasons of state upon which this marriage was founded, with the great advantages it might produce, as tending to a confirmation of that strict union that was between the king of Great Britain and the States of the United Provinces, the establishment of the ancient house of Orange, and the conclusion of the peace so earnestly desired; I say after they had seriously considered all this, they testified their approbation by a public edict, in terms full of joy and satisfaction; declaring farther, the mighty esteem they had of so glorious an alliance, and their sincere resolution to cultivate the ancient friendship and good correspondence which had always been, and was between his Britannic majesty and them.

"Their answer arriving at London, on the 4th of November, which was his highness's birth-day, the marriage was celebrated at eleven at night, but with so little noise, that the people knew nothing of it till next morning, when they gave all the public testimonies of joy that could be expressed. The bishop of London was the person that performed the ceremony, who, when he came to the usual question, 'Who gives this lady?' his majesty answered himself, 'I do;' and so they proceeded with the rest in due form till the whole was consummated. Within two or three days after this most illustrious wedding, they fell into debates about the terms of the peace."

FIELD-MARSHAL BRUNE.

The town of Avignon is about to erect a monument to the memory of Jean Althen, a Prussian by birth, who, in the reign of Louis XIV, introduced the maddest plant into France; and thereby in-

creased the annual revenue drawn from the soil in the department of Vaucluse alone, by a sum of a million sterling.

This is as it should be. It ought to erect another monument, to expiate, in some measure, the monstrous cruelty of which it was guilty with respect to Marshal Brune. This celebrated man—a lover of literature, became a printer in early life to facilitate the publication of his own writings. When the French Revolution broke out, he entered the army, to devote himself to glory. He avoided participating in the terrible excesses which then degraded France, and rapidly rose in his new profession. He served under Kellermann and Brunet, and largely contributed to the glory of the three brilliant days preceding and following the battle of Rivoli, which decided the fate of Italy. He was soon after named general-in-chief of the army of Helvetia. His operations produced the submission of all Switzerland. Thence he was removed to the Texel, to oppose the landing of the Anglo-Russian army, under the command of the duke of York.

The road to Paris was open, and Brune, with 20,000 men, whom the Directory kept in a state of inefficient provision, was to check the advance of an Anglo-Russian army, which had disembarked at Alkmaar, and was joined by a Dutch force of 18,000 men. The duke of York was entirely beaten at Bergen, which led to the capitulation of his whole army at Alkmaar.

He distinguished himself on many other occasions, and in his case success and merit went hand in hand; but at length his fortunes were to be overclouded. In 1807, Brune was ordered with a *corps d'armée* into Swedish Pomerania; he took Stralsund and the isle of Rugen, and forced the Swedish army to retire. His interview with the king of Sweden during the siege of Stralsund, the particulars of which, as published by Gustavus, Brune denied to be correct, caused Napoleon's high displeasure, and he continued for many years in disgrace.

On Napoleon's return from Elba, in March, 1815, Marshal Brune was drawn from his retirement, and accepted a post of great confidence and delicacy—the command of the eighth military division, which committed the peace of the south to his keeping. The restoration of Louis XVIII, and his re-entry into Paris, found Brune at his post; he went to Toulon himself to restore the white flag there, lest its re-appearance should be the signal for popular tumult, and was afterwards summoned to Paris. It was on his way thither, at Avignon, that he met with his dreadful death, which is thus narrated by the duchess D'Abrantes, in her "Memoirs:—

" Marshal Brune, on reaching Avignon, was warned that much agitation prevailed in the town, and that it was particularly directed against him; he was strongly recommended to avoid passing through; but, turning a deaf ear to all advice, he commanded his postillions to drive to the post-house. Here, an armed mob of 800 men, calling themselves royalists, besieged him in a room to which they had driven him to refuge; the mayor, the prefect, and a few *gens d'armes*, succeeded in protecting him during four hours from their infuriated attacks, while 3,000 citizens looked with apathy upon the atrocious scene, without affording the smallest assistance. The gallant resistance of the police was at length overpowered, and under the stupid pretence that the marshal had been the murderer of the princess of Lamballe—a vile slander generally circulated, and which I have refuted, in proving that he was not at Paris when that tragedy was performed—he was put to death by the mob in the most barbarous manner; his lacerated corpse, after being dragged through the mud, was thrown into the Rhone; and the river refusing to contain it, it lay two days unburied upon the strand, whither the waves had cast it."

To her account of this catastrophe, the writer adds a very remarkable incident:—

" In 1797, general Massena was called to Milan by general Bonaparte, then commanding in chief, to assist at some national festival. The command of Massena's division then devolved on Brune, who celebrated the same fête at Padua. A banquet was given, at which much patriotic poetry was read and sung. General Brune, who was a man of literature and fond of poetry, heard some stanzas of a song, the principles of which pleased him, and he composed impromptu the following couplets, which he sang in conclusion:—

' Against one, two hundred rise,
Assail and smite him till he dies;
Yet blood, say they, we spare to spill;
And patriots we account them still!
Urged by martial ardour on,
In the wave their victim's thrown,
Their frantic joy to fill!
Yet these men are patriots still!'

" What an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances! what a singular colouring does this unpremeditated composition cast over the fate of Brune! Little did he suppose himself prophesying, and yet with what strange mystery are the future details of this horrible death here related in anticipation. This account of the composition of these verses is perfectly authentic; it was given me by an officer who was present at the dinner when they were sung, as was M. the Chevalier Suchet, brother of Marshal Suchet, who can certify the truth of the whole history."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF SLIGO.



Arms.—Sa., three lions passant, in bend, ar., between four collises of the last.

Crest.—An eagle, displayed vert.

Supporters.—Dexter, a talbot; sinister, a horse, both ar., each gorged with a baron's coronet.

Motto.—*Suivez la raison*. "Follow reason."

Of this distinguished family the name is Browne. It is a junior branch of the noble family descended from baron Kilmaine, who is supposed to have sprung from a common ancestor, the extinct Brownes, viscounts Montague, in England. William Browne, esq., of the Neale, county of Mayo, was the father of William Browne, esq., captain of an independent company in the time of queen Elizabeth, and first high sheriff of Mayo. He lost his life in the act of quelling a riot, and was succeeded by his son, of the same name, whose son, also of the same name, was erected a baronet of Nova Scotia, June 21, 1632. The second son of this gentleman, originally bred a lawyer, became a colonel in the army of king James, and took a principal part in drawing up the articles of the capitulation of Limerick. He died in 1705, leaving two sons and three daughters. The elder son succeeded him, and was married to Mary, daughter to the right hon. Denis Daly, one of the judges of the court of Common Pleas in Ireland. On his death, he was succeeded by his son, John Browne, esq., M.P. for Castlebar. He was elevated to the peerage of Ireland, Sept. 10, 1750, by the title of baron Montague, of Westport, county of Mayo. In August, 1768, he was created viscount Westport, and on December 4, 1771, he was made earl of Altamont. In 1720, he married Anne, daughter of Sir Arthur Gore, and sister of the fifth earl of Arran, by whom he had issue eight sons and one daughter. He died in 1776, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Peter, the second earl, who married, in 1752, Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of chief-justice Kelly, of the island of Jamaica, by whom he had issue two sons, of whom, on his death, Dec. 28, 1780, John,

the elder, succeeded to the title. His lordship married, May 21, 1787, lady Louisa Catherine Howe, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Richard, earl Howe, who subsequently became the wife of sir William Scott, late lord Stowell. His lordship was created marquis of Sligo, in Ireland, Dec. 20, 1800, and enrolled among the peers of the United Kingdom as baron Monteagle, of Westport, in the county of Mayo, Feb. 20, 1806, and died June 20, 1809. The title then came to his son, Howe Peter Browne, who was born May 18, 1788. This nobleman was a Whig in politics. He was tried at the Old Bailey, in 1812, for having unlawfully rescued and concealed, on board his ship, the *Pylades*, when in the Mediterranean, a seaman belonging to his majesty's ship, *Warrior*. Being convicted, he was sentenced to pay a fine of £5,000, and to be imprisoned four months in Newgate. It was during his trial that his mother, the marchioness, attracted the attention of sir William Scott, whom she afterwards married. In 1816, the marquis married lady Hester Catherine De Burgh, eldest daughter of John, thirteenth earl of Clanricarde. By that lady he had six sons and eight daughters. He was appointed governor of Jamaica in 1833, which post he held till 1836. He died Jan. 26, 1845, and was succeeded by his eldest son, the present peer, George John, born May 31, 1820.

SPANISH BANDITTL

Spain is at present overrun with robbers, the more formidable as many have served in the army. They are effectually contribute to keep the country in a disturbed state, as the freebooters, called "The Companies," formerly did France. Like the English highwaymen of the last century, some of them affect great refinement, and expect the unfortunates they rob will celebrate their gentlemanly politeness. There are, however, others who plume themselves upon their brutality, and torture their victim till he discovers any property he may have concealed. "Of these," says the *Athenæum*, "the most famous of all is the Andalusian Navarro, surnamed Abd-el-Kader. For many years he has roamed with impunity through the provinces of Malaga, Cordova, and Seville. He has greatly improved on the old system: not only does he plunder travellers and the diligence, but such as have wealth he drags with him to some one of his numerous mountain homes, and retains them until a ransom is forthcoming. Nor is this all. Not unfrequently he carries away the rich from their own houses (generally at midnight), and detains them in like manner.

To quicken the measures of all his prisoners towards their release, he generally applies the bastinado, with blows on every part of the body in the degree proportioned to the obstinacy of the sufferer. Thus it was with Dramon, a rich physician of Granada, who, in the autumn of 1843, fell into Abd-el-Kader's power. Twenty thousand dollars were at first demanded for his ransom, but after some higgling he was informed that five thousand was the lowest sum that would be taken. As he still refused to sign an order for the money, half a dozen canes were speedily cut; he was tied to the trunk of a tree, with pen, ink, and paper within his reach; and blows, inflicted by half a dozen stout arms, were showered on every part of his body. This time, however, Don Ramon supported the infliction with as much heroism as an Indian captive; he neither cried out, nor moved a muscle of his face. In the evening the discipline was repeated, and what is worse on an empty stomach: still the Don was unbending. But the following day, the united influence of fasting and the scourge was effectual: the order for five thousand dollars was signed, dispatched, and paid; and the physician set at liberty. If popular report be true (of which, however, we in England must doubt), this formidable robber planned the imprisonment of no less a personage than the queen of Portugal, on her journey from Beja northwards, within a few miles of the Spanish frontier. With four hundred men, he is said to have been on the alert, waiting the report of his scouts; but hearing her majesty had doubled her guard at Beja, he desisted from the enterprise. Whether this report be true or not, the audacity with which he carries—or lately did carry—on his depredations, from the Mediterranean in the south to Upper Arragon in the north, is truly astonishing. His horses are the best in Spain: with them we cannot be surprised that he should often set his military pursuers at defiance. He is said to be popular with the poor, whom he never molests; but whom, on the contrary, he often presents with valuable gifts, and thus renders them useful auxiliaries in his designs. In some districts they are said to unite a little of the bandit profession with the cultivation of the ground, by the way of improving their incomes. But the most singular characteristic of this chief (and some others of less note) is, that he has amongst his followers an uncassocked priest, to whom he probably allows a larger share of the booty than to heret. The usefulness, indeed, of such a man—who can not only murder himself, but, according to popular belief, send murderers, when mortally wounded, post-haste to heaven—is beyond all calculation."

THE JUGGLE OF THE DAY.

Every age has its grand juggle. A mania comes over the public mind, and all join in a scheme of fraud and gambling, or silently look on, as if it were no business of theirs to interfere. The agents who move in these matters furnish characters to the stage, and the fictions (so called) of the day. Thus Sir Giles Mompesson gave Massinger his *Sir Giles Overreach*; and thus the bubble companies, now afloat, supply present and future dramatists. The lying scape-grace tricks of the recruiting officer so amazingly depicted by Farquhar, in the character of *Kite*, in "these piping times of peace" are seldom witnessed, but the lovers of bamboozling may be consoled for the absence of *Sergeant Kite*, by the presence of the blarneying, bullying railway crimp. It is the business of this worthy to get *consents* to proposed railways, to paint, in glowing colours, the mighty advantages which they offer to mankind in general, and to the parties with whom he is commissioned to treat, in particular, and to coax or bounce them out of their property. To explain this, a correspondent sends two scenes from "The Railway Juggle," a tragic comedy now acting in all parts of the country, as recently sketched in the House of Peers, by Lord Brougham.

Scene.—Escutcheon Hall.

Mr. Hector Blarneylip (solus). I wonder when Lady Ancient will come. The old dragon must not keep me waiting. A gentleman, secretary to a railway, like myself, must proceed with railway speed. To be kept thus will never do. I have fifty holders of land to gammon into consenting to a railroad coming through their property, and if I am to be detained in this manner by each, what sort of a report shall I have to make! She's coming now. [*Listens.*] No she isn't. What insolence to make a gentleman from the Great North East South West Railway wait! It is not to be endured. Oh! here she is.

[Enter Lady Ancient.]

Beg pardon, ma'am, for being so pressing, but "Time is on the wing," as the old song says, and we great bodies cannot afford to move slowly.

Lady Ancient. I have not detained you, sir, and have no wish to do so.

Mr. Hector. That means I am welcome to go. Thank you for nothing—that won't do for me. [*Aside.*] Happy to hear it your ladyship. I won't trouble you for a second. All I have to ask is, that you will just put your name to the document in my hand.

Lady Ancient. What is it, sir!

Mr. Hector. Nothing to which any breathing mortal can possibly object. It is

only a consent to a railway coming through a portion of your property.

Lady A. You must excuse me, sir. To me it will be a great annoyance. It will, indeed, compel me to leave the estate, dear as the spot is to me from early associations.

Mr. Hector. That, madam, we are accustomed to hear, but you will be reconciled to the change in time. Early associations must be abandoned late in life. It is the common lot of humanity.

Lady A. But it is not in the common course of nature to assent to that of which we entirely disapprove. I am not content to remove from the spot on which my ancestors for the last five centuries lived and died.

Mr. Hector. Your ancestors do not ask you to remain, and people should not wish to stay where they are not wanted. After your family have been located here five hundred years, you can hardly complain of being sent away early.

Lady A.

"The tree of deepest root is found,
Least willing still to quit the ground."

Here I desire to pass the remainder of my days.

Mr. Hector. Yes, your ladyship, but instead of the remainder of your days, here the railroad must pass. So you will be so good as to sign.

Lady A. [*Looking at the document.*] Really, sir, I cannot put my name to this paper. It deviates materially from the plans some time ago submitted.

Mr. Hector. As to that, madam, we cannot stand for half a quarter of a mile or so, in a great undertaking like ours.

Lady A. I must decline signing.

Mr. Hector. Then I must tell you it will be all the worse for your ladyship. We shall now carry it a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards nearer to your mansion than we originally intended to bring it, so take your change out of that.

Lady A. Sir, I doubt not you are a worthy representative of those who sent you here, and of the work which they contemplate, which I must oppose by every means in my power, as I hold it to be an abominable nuisance. —[*exit.*]

Mr. Hector. Shouldn't wonder! But you will find the Great North East South West Company too strong for you. Before I go, would you like to take a sight.

[Turns up his nose, and *exit.*]

Scene.—Farmer Delve's Cottage.

Farmer Delve. Well, I don't know what this great gentleman, from the Great

Company for the Great Railroad, will do. He must, I suppose, have every thing his own way.

[Enter Mr. Hector Blarney, *lip.*]

Mr. H. Now, farmer, I suppose you are ready to sign the paper?

Farmer D. Why I do not know what good your rail will do. It will damage my farm mightily.

Mr. H. Quite the contrary; it will make it live times as valuable as it has ever been.

Farmer D. It will spoil my fields and my garden, and they cost me a pretty lot of money.

Mr. H. It will render them more productive; then they have hitherto been.

Farmer. Then I hate the horrid noise of your engine—the screech, as you call it.

Mr. H. Our screech will be harmony itself. Its delicacy is such, that it acts on the nerves, instead of braying at the ear. It is felt rather than heard. Its tone is softer than that of the flute, and it is only half as loud as the Jew's harp.

Farmer D. You are joking. Draw it a little mild.

Mr. H. What I tell you is the truth. I am ready to make affidavit of the fact.

Farmer D. But the ground you want to go through cost me a thousand pounds.

Mr. H. We shall only want a tenth of it, and though land is only worth a quarter of what it was worth once, we are willing to give you fifty pounds.

Farmer D. Fifty pounds. Why it will spoil all the rest. It will do five hundred pounds' worth of mischief.

Mr. H. Nonsense. Fifty pounds will pay you handsomely. However, if you don't choose to take it, you can oppose our bill. You must, however, have a long purse to oppose the Great Company. Let me tell you, the Great North East South West Company cannot be resisted with impunity.

Farmer D. What will become of my family!

Mr. H. You must fee counsel, attorneys, parliamentary agents, and spend, at least, three thousand pounds to make a good fight against us.

Farmer D. Indeed? I shall be ruined.

Mr. H. To be sure you will, if you do not accept the very handsome offer of the Great North East South West Company.

Farmer D. But I hardly like to do it on another account. My landlady, the good Lady Ancient, I hear, is opposed to it, and I should not like to offend her by giving my consent.

Mr. H. Quite the contrary. She is our

best friend. I have just come from the mansion. She is dying to see the plan carried out. To her, she says, the screech is as delightful as the waits on Christmas eve.

Farmer D. And does she really consent?

Mr. H. Consent! She has just been down on her knees, begging of me to let it go close to her house.

Farmer D. Indeed!

Mr. H. I speak, as upon oath, so sign the paper. If I were dying, I would take the sacrament upon it; but sign the paper, and go and ask her ladyship yourself.

Farmer D. Well then, I suppose I must [signs].

Mr. H. Your fortune is made, and no mistake, old chap. All your sons shall be superintendents, inspectors, or treasurers. Again, I say, your fortune is made, and I would not tell you so, if it were not the truth [*Aside*]. I've humbugged this cload nicely, and I must now off to another.—

[*Exeunt*.]

HEROES OR PATRIOTS—REFORMERS OR INCENDARIES.

Avoiding politics as we would the Si-moon of the Desert, we cannot help sometimes looking at the course which the storm takes, and at the effects which it produces. This leads us to compare what was with what is. We open the story of the past, and read, that because certain writings were found in the desk of a politician, unfavourable to the government under which he lived, though he had given no publicity to these statements, on him it was thought fitting that the vengeance of the law should descend. We turn to the journals of to day, and there we find a public speaker openly inviting foreign invasion, desertion from the army and navy, and rebellion among the citizens at home; and this is thought not out of keeping with the character of a reformer of the nineteenth century, and a member of the British Commons. Had the individual first referred to lived now, instead of being pursued as an enemy to the state, he would have been looked up to as one who might improve the British constitution; had the orator just mentioned—our contemporary—lived then he would have been called—not a liberal, but a traitor.

But those who cove! most to be deemed friends of the people, do not point with sufficient clearness to the means which should be used to improve the condition of man. Who are his true benefactors? The celebrated Berne shows patriotism

was not much to be depended upon in Germany, and that reformers were likely to turn round and support tyranny, as to remain faithful to principle. He says:—

"If I were a Nero in Germany, and were to throw my crown into the river, and say 'bring it here,' the most decided among those who are charged with being demagogues would jump after it like a spaniel to bring it back to me."

"Governments govern too much, but it would be unjust in Germany to make that a subject of reproach. The fault is with the subject. Let any one try to abolish the hundred restrictions which should never have been imposed, or the hundred permissions which should never have been granted, and we should immediately see the people stumbling at every step, and complaining that they had no rule for their conduct."

"Every revolution ends as it began. Whoever can distinguish among the phenomena of history what is essential from what is accidental, may predict with certainty how the history of a particular state shall be developed. Where will France stop? At the point from which it set out in 1789. The French then wished for a constitutional monarchy, and they will have one. Neither the republicans, who aim at the subversion of the throne, nor the ultras, who aim at the subversion of the constitution, will give them bread."

But this patriot wanted not what some might think the patriot and philanthropist would most earnestly desire—the amelioration of an oppressive system by gentle means. Force, violence, and, of course, bloodshed, were coveted by Borne. Here is an example:—

"They tell me Metternich is positively to give up the helm. I am sorry for it; it is a misfortune; Metternich was unbending, conceited; the tempest would soon have dashed him asunder; his successor will not yield, but he will bend a little, and all will remain out of joint. May God preserve my Metternich."

"We are too much on ceremony with kings. We dissemble too much. We should allow them all a month within which to establish a better government; if not to the door with them."

"My wish is for a musket and a battle. Every day I am the more convinced that reasoning will do no good. My longing is for war, and that the sickly condition of the world may change at once to a vigorous malady, decisive of life or death."

"The freedom which is bestowed by governors is not worth having. It should either be stolen, or taken by force."

How liberty is to be stolen for a great nation—it is not easy for common minds to understand. The German writer ima-

gines something as odd as Canning's burlesque military operation in "The Quadrupeds of Quedlburgh."

"The army, sire, is here but in disguise. Entreats a word with both your majesties."

This writer, however, at length hit upon that which would release his beloved country. And what was his panacea? The cholera. Yes, the cholera, he invokes, having as coolly made up his mind that that would prove a blessing, as Matthews did; the opinion that the evils he deplored could only be abated by the combined operation of vice and misery. He exclaims:

"The plague may do what nothing else could. By preventing princes from assembling great armies, it will stimulate and encourage the most inert and timorous people on the face of the earth. The plague and liberty never had so hideous a mother—so fair a daughter. What calamities may not the spring scatter over the world? Tears will not suffice, we must laugh at misery."

If the people of a country can only be saved by a depopulating plague, which must consign thousands to the tomb, it is not improbable that many of them will be content to defer taking a medicine so powerfully nauseous, to a somewhat remote period, however convinced of its efficacy. The quotations given are only transcribed to show to what lengths clever writers may be carried by political enthusiasm. Borne was no common-place man: that none who are acquainted with his pithy aphorisms will deny. A few of these may be read with pleasure, to cleanse the mind from the mad extravagance of his politics. Their shrewdness will not be questioned:—

"On the stage of the world, destiny is the prompter, who reads the piece in a low breath, and without emotion, without gesture, without declamation, whether it be a tragedy or a comedy."

"Luther knew what he was about when he threw his ink-bottle at the devil's head. There is nothing the devil hates more than ink."

"Our times are not favourable to light. We are so constantly snuffing the candles, that people can see nothing."

"A constitutional throne is a chair with a back; an absolute throne is a seat without one. If Napoleon had given a charter to France, he would not have fallen from his throne, when a vertigo seized him; he would still be emperor of France."

"Moderation, as the word is often used, means something like this—one person wishes for day and another for night; a ministry wishes for a sort of moonlight, to please both parties."

"Before the march of a new era, it sends forth men acquainted with its views

to procure its accommodations; but instead of receiving these heralds and listening to their counsels, they are denounced as demagogues, seducers, revolutionists, and they are thrown into prison. But Time arrives, with all her suite, and finding nothing prepared, she makes her lodgment as she can, overturning and destroying far more than would otherwise have been required to make room for her."

That one so capable of sound reflection should be led to favour the demoniacal views which he seems disposed to encourage, serves but to exhibit the weakness of human nature in the most gifted.

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
But this partition do the parts divide."

SKETCHES IN THE BLACK FOREST.

No. II.

THE VALLEY OF THE RENCH AND ITS SPAS.

From its commencement at the market town of Appenweier, to its further extremity at the foot of the Kniebis, the valley of the Rensch is about twenty miles in extent. An excellent road intersects it throughout, passing through the towns of Oberkinnch and Oppenan, from which latter spot the valley, which is nearly three miles broad at its opening, becomes much narrower, and its peculiarly romantic features begin to break upon one's view. Notwithstanding its insignificant geographical position, there are few spots in the grand duchy of Baden, rich as is the whole of it in picturesque sites and romantic scenery, or even, perhaps, in all Germany, more distinguished for their beauty and varied scenes of interest to every lover of nature. Its frowning crags, crowned with stately ruins; its luxuriantly wooded hills, proudly towering aloft; its fertile meadows, clothed with dazzling verdure; its silvery stream, swiftly gushing on amidst rocks and eddies, and alimented by a thousand tributary votaries in its progress; and whilst Ceres, Bacchus, and Pomona, vying in generosity, and united by the closest ties of fellowship, lavish their choicest gifts upon one part, in common with the fruitful plain of the Rhine, contiguous to it, so does the dark Kniebis on the other, pour forth from its healthful bosom, invigorating and salutary streams of balsamic element, at which sad humanity can find relief for many of the woes that "flesh is heir to." In the immediate vicinity of the town of Oberkinnch, and upon an eminence to the right of the valley, covered with vines and fruit trees, stand the majestic ruins of the castle of Schauenburg, successively inhabited in the olden time by the noble races of

Zaehringen, Welf, and Eberstein. To the left, in an equally commanding situation, but partly hid from view by a wood of chestnut trees, are the remains of the castle of Furtseneck, built by the counts of Furstenberg, and destroyed by the French in the war of the Palatinate. From Oberkinnch to Oppenan, the road continues alternately on the right and the left bank of the Rensch, until at length it takes an abrupt turn, skirting the base of the Blannen-berg, and brings one to the village of Friersbach, near to which, and immediately upon the high road, is the bath-house, bearing the same name—a large white building, three stories high, containing a convenient saloon upon the ground-floor, where the guests promenade in bad weather, a cheerful dining *salle* upon the second, with a range of eighteen bath-rooms, and upwards of sixty sleeping apartments. The spring is sulphureous, and is in high repute as a remedy for various diseases. The meadows upon the opposite side of the road, through which the river flows, are intersected by gravel walks, and wear a park-like aspect; seats, and a summer-house, have been erected for the convenience of the visitors; and winding paths have also been cut out in the wood, of stately beech trees, behind the house, from which a most agreeable prospect is obtained down the valley, which becomes much wider as we approach the neighbouring village of Petersthal, situated about a mile distant, and possessing chalybeate springs, which are held in great estimation: indeed this may be said to be the chief place of resort in the valley of the Rensch, and its immediate neighbourhood. The spa house and bathing establishment, sometimes termed the "Welschbad," or "Italian Bath," to distinguish it from the adjoining valley of Petersthal, or "St. Peter's Valley," as the whole of this part of the valley of the Rensch, as well as the village is called—is a lofty structure, flanked by two extensive wings, the whole forming a handsome "facade," and containing comfortable accommodation for more than a hundred visitors: numerous bath-rooms, a large *salle*, in the centre of which is the principal spring, and in which the guests congregate in the morning to drink and converse; on the first story is a spacious saloon, tastefully decorated, in which they assemble at meal times, and a smaller apartment with a billiard table, piano-forte, and various books, prints, and newspapers in it, for their recreation. A few yards from the building is another spring called the "Sophienquelle," or "Sophia's Well," after the grand duchess of Baden, who was present at the fête given to commemorate its discovery in 1835. A handsome stone temple has been erected over it, and painted inside in fres-

co. A small bridge across the river, which flows immediately behind the house, conducts into a very pretty flower garden, tastefully laid out in walks and shrubberies, and with a fountain playing in the centre. A winding path leads up to the summit of the richly wooded mountain, the "Ifer-skopf," immediately behind it, and distant about a mile and a half. The view from there is picturesque in the extreme; the whole of the "Petersthal," with its smiling pastures, blooming corn fields, neat cottages, and grazing herds, its stately bath-house, and extensive pleasure grounds, presenting to the eye a pleasing and varied scene of pastoral felicity, luxurious civilisation, and rural quietude; whilst, on the other side of the elevation, a group of huge shadowy hills, completely covered with seemingly impenetrable masses of wood, towering aloft in still and solemn grandeur, impress the mind with a feeling of sadness not unmingled with awe. On quitting the "Welschbad," the valley becomes every instant narrower; the dark hills assume a frowning and almost menacing appearance, perpendicular and craggy rocks peep out from among the brushwood on all sides; overhanging and hemming in the rapid current of the Rench, and imparting a wild and savage aspect to the scene. At length, at the end of about two miles, the road takes a very abrupt turn to the right, and one comes suddenly upon the little watering place of Griesbach, which appears, as it were, closely wedged in between the hills, so narrow is the dell in the centre of which it is situated—the Kniebis mountains completely blocking up the extremity of the ravine, and overhanging the secluded hamlet. There are two very substantially built and extensive bath-houses, both belonging to the same proprietor, and affording excellent accommodation for visitors; the internal arrangements are much the same as at Petersthal, and the springs are also chalybeate. On a projecting rock, abutting upon the ravine, and but a short distance from the springs, is a small chapel, which forms a very picturesque object from beneath; a walk has been cut out in the wood, up to the small platform upon which it is perched, as also up to a kind of terrace, with seats, upon a ledge of rocks on the other side of the dells. The view obtained from either of these spots is singular in the extreme. From the confined position of the little spa, the lofty hills which encompass it on every side seem to menace it with destruction, and to be about to close in entirely upon the chasm—that sad and solemn stillness so peculiar to forest scenery appearing like the forerunner of the dread and dire event, the harbinger of woe—the fitful calm before the tempest—the little group of cot-

tages around the bath-house, with their peaked roofs and latticed windows, external wooden galleries, and lofty chimnies, alone revealing the existence of animal life and the vicinity of the human race in this secluded spot, and forming a pleasing object for the eye to rest upon, as it turns despondingly from the contemplation of the apparently unalterable tract of forest which meets its gaze on every side, dark and mystical—sorrowful and mournful. There are two other little watering places in the vicinity of Petersthal, Sulzbach, and Antogast, the former possessing a source of lukewarm water, and the latter a chalybeate spring; they are both in highly picturesque situations, in the midst of the richest forest scenery, and are also much resorted to; they are smaller places, however, than the spas of the valley of the Rench, and the accommodation afforded in their comfortable, though somewhat humble bath establishments, is upon a more limited scale. It is not within the limits of this article to attempt anything like a dissertation upon the medical properties of the different waters of the "Beuchthal;" the writer would refer those seeking information upon this, as upon any other points respecting the topographical situations of the spas, &c., to the highly interesting work* of Herr Zeutner upon the subject.

The influx of visitors to these watering places is very great during the summer months, great numbers of Swiss and Alsations, besides many natives of the neighbouring German states annually resorting thither. For some cause, however, these, as well as some others of the smaller spas of the Black Forest, seem entirely to have been overlooked by the vast numbers of our countrymen who annually migrate "up the Rhine" to seek health, and enjoy relaxation from business and the toils of active life, in the luxurious indolence of Wildbad, the feverish excitement of the splendid and turbulent Baden-Baden, or the lively dissipation of the "Brunneus of Nassau;" to all those, however, whose sensations, when opening upon a new page of the richly illustrated book of nature, bear rather a meditative than an enthusiastic hue, to whom the smiling goddess herself seems fairest when unadorned, and also would seek to initiate themselves into the study of her mysteries in the tranquil contemplation of her glorious works and bountiful dispensations, we would earnestly recommend a visit to the "Valley of the Rench."

* "Das Renchthal und seine Bäder Heilkundig gesichtlich, topographisch, statistisch, und landwirthschaftlich," by Zeutner (published by Cressauer, Carlsruhe).

NEW PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

JUDGE PARK'S CONSOLATION.

The late Sir James Park, when on his death-bed, commended with great earnestness this Psalm, of which an original version follows, as that which had afforded him the greatest possible support and comfort at various periods of his life.

Disturb not thyself for the wicked man's wrath,
Nor envy the workers of sin in their day,
For these shall like grass be cut down in thy path,
And as the green herb they shall wither away.
Trust the Lord, and do good, whoso'er thou art
And verily, verily, thou shalt be fed.

Trust in God, love his ways, and the wish of thy thought,
Left to him, in due season shall gladden thy sight,
By him shall thy truth and thy judgment be brought,
Before man, as the splendour of noon rich in light.
Trust the Lord, and be patient, nor envy the case
Of the prosperous man, if his doings are base.

Cease anger, quell grief, and in no wise do wrong,
For the wicked shall fall, while the godly remain;
The sinner thrives not on iniquity long,
His grandeur thou shortly shalt look for in vain.
But the meek shall inherit the earth, and increase,
And calmly exult in abundance in peace.

The cruel man seeks to demolish the just,
And gnasheth with envy and anger his teeth;
But the Lord sees the day coming when in the dust,
Unpitied he falls his late victim beneath.
The wicked will find that the sword and the bow,
Employed against others, shall work their own woe.

Their swords to their own hearts shall carry dismay,
The bows which they draw shall be promptly destroyed;
While the little wealth thrown in the godly man's way,
Shall be more than the millions by sinners enjoyed.
The means of the wicked the Lord renders vain,
The righteous it will be his care to sustain.

The guilty will borrow, and care not to pay;
In mercy the righteous man findeth delight;
He joy to give much from his substance away,
He is blest while the wicked are swept from his sight.
The course of the pious the Lord has marked out,
Serenely he walks without terror or doubt.

The Lord of the upright well knoweth the days,
Their peaceful inheritance never shall cease:
No shame in bad times troubles them for their ways,
While famine is rife they are nourished in peace.
The wicked shall feel the omnipotent's stroke,
Like the burnt fat of lambs they shall vanish in smoke.

Though he fall, he shall not be for ever overthrown,
For God will uphold him with bountiful hand;
I was young, am now old, but have never yet known,
The righteous forsaken and lost in the land,
Nor his seed beggins bread: it must still be con-
fessed,
The merciful man and his offspring are blessed.

Depart, then, from evil, and strive to do good,
And evermore rest in the land, and in peace;
The Lord judgment loves, it should be under-
stood,

He forsakes not his saints, but the wicked decrease.

The righteous shall find the Most High by their side,
Shall inherit the land, and for ever abide.

The mouth of the holy speaks wisdom; his tongue
The judgments of God and his law will employ;
His footsteps slide not snarls and pitfalls among,
Though wicked men watch him and vain would destroy.

The good may expect that the Lord is with them,
Yet they will relentlessly no one condemn.

Oh! wait on the Lord, then, and keep in his ways,
So he shall exalt and indemnify thee,
And sinners, whose greatness was marked with
amazement,
Are cut off, that the justice of God thou may'st see.

The pomp of the wicked spread widely around,
I have gazed on—then looked, and it could not be found.

Mark the man that is perfect, behold the upright,
For the end of that thrice-happy mortal is peace;
But heartless transgressors to horrible night
Are doomed, and to sorrows that ever increase.
The righteous depend on the Lord, and at length
He proves in the day of affliction their strength.

The Lord shall assist in the day of his need,
Those who faithful to duty have studied his will;

He shall help and deliver, in word and in deed,
From malice, from peril, and each dreaded ill,
He will not permit men to sink in the dust,
Because in their God they have placed all their trust.

ANNE, DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

"The Gentlemen's Magazine," for April, contains some curious particulars of this lady, who was the second wife of the Protector, Edward Seymour, duke of Somerset. A very remarkable scene occurred in 1587. The duchess being then very aged and not expected to live, queen Elizabeth appears to have interfered, on behalf of one of her children:—

"Upon Fridaye, beinge the seaventh of April, 1587, aboute eleven of the cloke in the forenoone, Sir Thomas Gorges, knight, entered into her graces chamber whilst I and the howsheold weare at prayers in the chappell; from thence I was called into her grace, chamber, and requested by her grace and Sir Thomas Gorges to beare record of a messuadge which he had brought from her majestie to my ladies grace, which was this: That her majestie, understandinge by Doctor Baylie of her graces weaknes, thought it good to advertise her of one thinge, the performance whereof should be right acceptable to her majestie, and also moste honorable for her grace, namelie, that she would especiallie be good to my Lord Henrye; and that, as his eldest brother was made the father's sonne by descente of so noble and

great a birthright, so likewise my Lord Henrye might be made a sonne by the mother's side, bienge especiallie enriched by her goodnes. This request he also said in her majesties name to be moste wise and reasonable. First, because he was poore and had moste need of healpe; contrariwise, my lord of Hertford was riche, and neded not the like healpe. Secondlie, that whatsoever her grace hearetofore obteyned for the betteringe and mainteyninge of her estate, hit was upon her erneste complainte that otherwise she knewe not howe to provide for her younger children; for, albeit the elder was well provided for, yea without further maintenance the youngest (beinge all a Duke's children) should have nothinge to further themselves withall the world; wherefore, yf your grace (said Mr. Gorges) shall leave that to your eldest sonne which was given for the relief of yourselfe and your younger poore children, hit may be thought that the prince was deluded by you, and turne to your great dishonor. Thirddie, that it weare a thinge agreeable to her grace's singular wisdom, to make as many heads of her howse as possible she might, contrariwise to advance only one sonne (and hym most honorablie provided for) and to prese downe the other, was a thinge nether politike in itselfe, nether of comone example amongst the wisest. Lastelie, he added that her majestie had also especiall cawse to tender my Lord Henrye so muche the more, because he had benne these many yeres her faithfull servant, and moste prudentlie and sincerelie discharged many matters of truste; and also that She had purposed againe to havd employed him by sea or by lande, wear it not that she comanded him to tender his mother's healthe, and hade rather looke out other to supplie his place, then her grace should want the benefite of his attendance, wherefore she expecteth (saied Mr. Gorges) that your grace should espetiallie do for hym; and yf you laye any charge of truste upon him (be it executorship or what soever), her majestie will (I dare say) promise for his faithfulness, and undertake he shall trewlie discharge it, otherwise she would prove his most heavie mistris, and denaye him her service and favour.'

HER GRACE'S ANSWERE.

"I moste humbly thanke her majestie that she vouchsafeth not only to tender my health, but also myne honour, and trewlie Harrie shall fare never a whitt the worse for her good oppinion of him, but much the better. As for makinge him mine executor I cane not do it, for I have already made another.'

"Whye, madame, (saied Mr. Gorges) so longe as you leve you may make ether

the Lord Henrye your executore, or whom you will; and yf you mislike the demeanour of my Lord Henrie, you may prefer my lord of Hertford againe; yet, madame, I will urge you to nothinge; I only shew what her majestie wisheth and counseleth, as your deare friend and soveraigne, namlie, that your espetiall favour in all thinges should be bestowed upon him, and that yf you truste him with any thinge I deare saye her majestie will undertake for his upright dealings.'

HER GRACE'S ANSWERE.

"I pray you, cozine Gorges, goo to dinner, and in the meane season I will advise of this pointe.' So we departed.

After dinner her graces called for us againe, and of her selfe, without any farther speache or motion used by any, uttered these words:

"My good cozine, I have thought upon your laste motion, touchinge puttinge Harrie in truste, and am fullie resolved therein to followe her majesties devise (undertakinge so gratioualle for his faithfulness); and my laste will is her majesties will, and so I pray you saye, cozine, from me; and I praye you retorne my moste hartie and humble thanks unto her majestie for thinkinge so well of my sonne, and so carefullie tenderinge his estate, as also for her love shewed alwaies to my nephews John and Michael, desiringe her to continewe the same.'

MR. GORGES.

"Will it please your G. to comaund me any farther service, or to send some ringe or token in witness that you will it thus towards my Lord Henrie.'

HER GRACE.

"Yes, and kissinge a ringe delivered it unto him, and willed me and my Lady Marie* to beare record thereof, prayinge moste godlie and heartilie (even with teares) for the preservation of her majesties liffe many yeres.

MR. GORGES.

"Her majestie wilbe very glade of your graces answere touchinge my Lord Henrie; neverthelesse, she would not that all love should be so conveyed to him, but that you should also carrie anatural and lovinge affection towards my lord of Hartford, your righte honorable sonne, and sometimes my old master, desiringe you to love him stille, and to make muche of him, who (as he himselfe hath often protested) wilbe glade of his brothers prosperitie, and often hath he wished that my Lord Henrie might be pute in truste with your goodes, and not hymselfe; wherefore, beinge a thinge that he himselfe hath desired, and this beinge donne not for any evell opinions conceived of him, but for betteringe of his

* Lady Mary Rogers.

brothers estate, I doubt not but he wilbe contented.'

HIS GRACE.

"Yet I beseeche you all to let nether him nor Harry knowe of it as yet; which havinge promised, we departed.

"It is remarkable that much of the duchess of Somerset's plate may be traced as late as 1618 in the will of Sir Valentine Knightley (124 Meade), whose father had married for his second wife one of the duchess's daughters.

"The duchess died on Easter Day, April 16, 1587, at ninety years of age; when, according to her epitaph, "with firme faith in Christ, in most myld manner rendered she her life." Her body was interred in Westminster Abbey, where her monument still remains. It is one of those gigantic erections which contribute to block up the various chapels, and occupies, to the height of twenty-four feet, the very spot where anciently stood the altar in the chapel of St. Nicholas. An effigy of the duchess, in her robes as a peeress, is placed on a sarcophagus in its front. Engravings of this will be found in Dart's "Westminster Abbey," plate 23, and in Akermann's "Westminster Abbey," plate 23; where also, and in Neale and Brayley's History, the epitaph, both in Latin and English, will be found."

MR. B. WHITE v. LE SAGE.

Spanish writers have long since declared that Le Sage had stolen his Gil Blas from them. Mr. Blanco White, who, whilst every country claimed him, was a Spaniard, thinks this complaint might have been spared, for that celebrated work was, in his opinion, not worth stealing.

"I had made an attempt many years ago to read Gil Blas a second time, in order to form a well-grounded opinion of its merits; for I have never considered it as a work worthy of the reputation it enjoys; but I was soon tired by the never-ending string of stories, which are brought from every corner of the domains of invention, to swell up the history of a worthless rogue. I have this time surmounted my reluctance; and my final judgment is this. The whole merit of the romance in question consists in the smoothness of the narrative; and that kind of ingenuity which, by a certain disregard of probability, can turn common life into a source of adventures, interesting to idle curiosity, especially that of the young. But I declare that, in a moral point of view, it is impossible to read anything more revolting, more palsyng to the soul. There is not one trait of disinterested virtue in the whole of the work. Tom

Jones is not a flattering representation of life; but how full it is of invigorating pictures of the noble qualities with which nature endows many a heart. In Gil Blas, mankind, without exception, consists of odious reptiles; another Mosaic Deluge, but with no ark, would be the fittest end for them: nothing else can satisfy the mind, when wishing to free the earth from such a disgusting tribe of reptiles. Moses must have read Gil Blas prophetically before he described his *Cataclysmos*. The Spaniards need not be jealous of Gil Blas. In my opinion, Le Sage must have made use of a large collection of detached Spanish *Novelas*, which abounded in manuscript from the time of Philip II to that of the Bourbons. But the talent with which the materials are managed is entirely his own. The most obvious proof of this conjecture arises from the frequent mangling of Spanish names. Le Sage must have been often puzzled by the Spanish hand, in words which are either formed according to no general analogy, or express such allusions as must escape a foreigner—especially one who (as it is ascertained) had never been in the country. I cannot guess, for instance, what word he distorted into *La Coschina*, the name he gives to the gypsy, the mother of Scipion; but any Spaniard will instantly perceive that the combination of a, c, l, is repugnant to his language. There are numerous instances of this kind. Le Sage's mind might have for its symbol a snake, agile, flexible, smooth, and cold, with a great readiness to use its sharp teeth. He had no sense of beauty whatever—either physical or moral. There is not a description of scenery in the whole work; his female beauties are slightly described, and just so far as to be made *appétissantes*. Virtue, to him, is as an *accident* arising from circumstances; and he is anxious to caution his readers that it is a most dangerous, and, after all, a most useless thing, in the world. The moral of the whole work is—*Be a clever villain*. I shall carry a thorough hatred of Gil Blas to my grave."

He founds his objections on a want of examples of virtue. Le Sage was content with exposing the arts of vice, and the general meanness of mankind.

Want of Society.—"By keeping me from the company of other children, they imagined they could preserve my mind a heart from every contamination. The thus made me a solitary being during my childhood. I well recollect how I looked on the children of the poor who were playing in the streets, and envied their happiness in being allowed to associate with their equals."—*Blanco White*.

The Gatherer.

A Spanish Magistrate.—"I once had occasion to see the Alcalde of a remote Andalusian village engaged in his official duties. This mayor and chief magistrate of a municipality wore no shirt, an article which seriously formed no part of his ordinary costume; his feet were encased in the heavy brogues which the peasantry commonly wear in winter, of leather, ill-tanned and never cleaned—the mud not even scraped off. His legs were stockingless, as was apparent from the bare shins which his rather short and negligent pantaloons displayed. Of what nature were the inner garments which he wore above, it was impossible to determine, for he was wrapped up with characteristic national pride in an old and tattered cloak; and a greasy and broken hat of cotton velvet, peaked, and set with dignity on the side of his head, completed his attire. His hands were rougher and blacker even than his face, and I ascertained that he could not write."

Residence in Spain.

Early Edition of Shakespeare.—A quarto edition of Shakespeare's "Taming the Shrew" has lately been found, of a date prior to the folio of 1623, in which year it has hitherto been thought to have been reprinted. It adds another quarto to the twenty printed by Steevens. The title-page is unfortunately wanting; but on the first leaf is written, in a hand of the time, "1607 stayed by the authors;" meaning, we suppose, stayed the printing—a not uncommon occurrence at that time. This mention of "authors" is confirmatory of the view maintained by many, that more than one person was concerned in writing that play.

French Literature.—M. Alexandre Dumas has obtained a verdict against M. Jacquot, writing under the name of Eugène de Merricourt, for a publication, entitled "Manufactory of Romances:—Alexandre Dumas and Co."—conveying serious imputations against the honour of that prolific writer.

The Mermaid.—The following account is extracted from a book of Voyages, by a Captain Richard Whitbourne:—"Now also I will not omit to relate something of a strange creature which I first saw here in the year 1610. In the morning early, as I was standing by the river side in the harbour of St. John's, in Newfoundland, a surprising creature came very swiftly swimming towards me, looking cheerfully my face; it was like a woman by the face, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, ears, neck, and forehead; it seemed to be as beautiful, and in those parts as well proportioned. Round the head it had many blue streaks resembling hair, but certainly it

was not hair. Yet I beheld it long, and another of my company also yet living, that was near me. At its approach I stepped back, for it was come within the length of a long pike of me, supposing it would have sprung on land to me; for I had seen huge whales, and other great fish spring a great height above water, and so might this strange creature do to me, if I had stood still where I was: by its actions I verily believe it had such a purpose; but when it saw that I went from it, it did thereupon dive a little under water, and swam towards the place where a little before I had landed, often looking back towards me, whereby I beheld the shoulders and back down to the middle, to be as square, white, and smooth, as the back of a man, and from the middle to the hinder part it was pointing, in proportion, something like a broad-hooked arrow."

An Ancient Tomb.—At Weyden, a village lying between Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, an ancient subterranean tomb has been discovered. There was found in it, besides a number of vases and instruments of vulgar use, a sarcophagus, ornamented with figures, representing the genii of the four seasons, and three busts in marble, one male, the others female, and all of the life size. These busts are said to be so superior to anything hitherto discovered on the banks of the Rhine, that it is conjectured that some rich family, the tenants of this sepulchre, may have brought them from Italy, or commissioned some Italian sculptor. Among the jewels found in the tomb, is a small female figure, 3½ inches high, of a light-blue opal, the perfection of whose chiselling, with the style of its drapery, have caused it to be assigned to the third century of the Christian era.

New Gallery in the Louvre.—The king of the French has ordered a Nineveh gallery to be prepared in the Louvre, to receive the relics of that ancient city, discovered by Messrs. Botta and Flaudin.

Death of Lady Clarke.—This lady, sister of Lady Morgan, and formerly the author of a comedy, called "The Irishwoman," acted a quarter of a century ago, died in Dublin last week.

THE WANDERING JEW.—Our readers, perhaps, are aware that this popular tale has been stopped for a few weeks. We see, however, from the *Constitutionnel*, that it is to be resumed on the 9th of May, therefore the continuation will appear in our next number.

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